

FENNORS DEFENCE:

Or,

I am your first Man.

Wherein the Water-man,
JOHN TAYLOR, is dashed, fowst, and finally
fallen into the Thames: With his slanderous
Taxations, base Imputations, scandalous Accu-
sations, and foule Abominations, against his
Majesties Ryming Poet: who hath An-
swered him without Vexations, or
trudging Recantations.

The Reason of my new meeting at the
Hope with Taylor, is truly demonstrated in
the Induction to the Judger.

*Thy hasty Gallop my milde Muse shall checke,
That if thou sit not sure, will breake thy necke.*

LONDON,

Printed for Roger Barnes, and are to be
sold at his shop in S. Dunstons Church-
yard in Fleetstreet, 1615.



To all that can Iudge,
of what Degree soeuer.



*V*diciall Reader, after a Sup-
per of Slanders, giue me leaue
to bestow a Banquet of Defence;
which, I hope, shall rellish with
more delight in thy generous opi-
nion. I am sorrie that my Penne
is pluckt backe from better Occasions, to an-
swere an Opposite so ignoble. But seeing my
Reputation is shot at by such a poysoned Pi-
stoll, I thought it meete to scrue out the Bul-
let of his Infamie with my approoved Hone-
stie, before it grew ranke, or festered too farre
in the Worlds Apprehension. But to the pur-
pose: Maister Taylor, the Gentleman-like
celler at the Hope on the Banke-side, at a
A 3 friends

To the Reader.

friends house of mine, acquainted me with his Proiect; which was as followeth: That hee the said Taylor had studied such severall Humors in Prose, as neuer were the like before: (which indeede fell out true, to his shame) wherein hee would haue me ioyne; hee to play a Scene in Prose, and I to answere him in Verse: Whereto I condescended, on these Conditions; viz. That I might haue halfe the Commoditie thereof; Or Securitie for five pounds; Or else twentie shillings in hand, and the rest as the Day afforded. Next, That I might heare his Booke read (which was so) to know on what ground I might build my Invention. And last, That I should see the Manner of his Challenge before it was published, and set my Answer to it with my owne hand. To all which hee graunted, and deliuered mee five Shillings upon the same: Whereupon I promised faithfully, That if all this were on his part performed, I would (God willing) meete him, and with my best endeavor strine to giue the Audience content. Now, here I must entreat you, before you condemne mee, note but the Occasions of my Breach of Promise: This Water-Taylor, with his Confederates, presuming he had bound

To the Reader.

me with his Earnest-money, printed his Challenge-Bill, and my Answer annexed thereunto, without my Hand, Knowledge, or Consent: Nay more; My Answer was by him set up so meane and insufficient to so brauing a Challenge, that I altogether disliked thereof (as I had reason) and thereupon sent my Man with the Money five dayes before the Play, to certifie them, That I was otherwise employed, and would not come, in regard of the Wrong done unto mee, in setting up my Answer without my Consent: My Man deliuered the Message, but lost the Money at Play, emboldening himselfe vpon the Wrongs I had receiued; which I haue since payed. And the same day I receiued a Letter out of Warwickeshire from my Father, That he was not well; wishing mee and my wife to repayre vnto him with all possible speede. Now, you that are Parents of Children, or Children to Parents, Iudge, whether I ought rather to disobay my Father, or displease Iohn Taylor; purchase my Fathers hate, or lose a Scullers loue; and I hope you will say I had sufficient cause to keepe me from the Hope. But fearing my homely Truth (though it be sufficient to plead my Honestie) is not answerable to your

To the Reader.

expectation of my Practise in Poesie ; I will, as
care as I can, fit my Muse to your liking,
which is my content : And ever rest honestest
by Land then Taylor by Water,

WILL: FENNOR.

Although I cannot Rogue it, as he can,
Yet will I shew my selfe an honest man.

AN

AN APOLOGIE

to the Anagram of my Name,

*made by no Scholler, but
a Sculler.*

If were a simple Tree thy breath could shake;
But see (meere Malice) how thou dost mistake:
For what thy Title would bestow on me,
Thy selfe art Author of. New Villanie.

But since thou vrgest me, maike how Ile blase
That name; which thou wth villanie wouldst glase:

For I will ope the Casement, and cleare Light
Shall chase thy blacke verse to eternall Night.

When the first *William*, Duke of Normandie,

Sayl'd from the Coasts of France to Britanie,

Amongst his best Rankes came a Chiualiere,

Whose name in French was called *le Fogniere*;

Which the our English Young so well did tender,

Gave him the Name and Title of Defender.

On the Sea-coasts he did defend so well,

That for his Crest he beares the Scaliop sheil.

Since, briefer Language giues vs *Fennors* name,

Nor can thy impudence impaire the same:

And for a Token of wrong'd Innocence,

I doe resume my first name for Defence.

My *Anagram* if thou but rightly scan,

Then thou wilt finde 'tis, *I will feare no man.*

How

Fennors Defence :

How can I then feare thee that art a Taylor,
A shred of Fustian, and a ragged Raylor;
A dish that is not worth the feeding on,
When thou art best in Lent, th'art but Poore *John*.

An Anagram vpon the Scullers Name.

JOHN TAYLOR, Anagramma.

O Hate, rayle on.

O Hate rayle on; or this, Rayle on, O Hate:
For spight of Rayling, I must dedicate
An answer to thy Theame, though nere so large;
Will sink thy Scullers Boat, though 'twere a Barge.
To halter vp your Muse, my Muse beginnes;
He trusse the Iade for breaking peoples shinnes.
Then Monster doe thy worst, yerke out thy fill,
Thou canst not touch my goodnesse with thy ill:
Though Horses breake their Bridles, and escape,
My Lines shall loade an Asse, or whippe an Ape.

Or, I am your first Man.

To his approued Foe

John Taylor.

I Haue lookt ouer with my best Prospectiues,
And view'd the tenor of thy base Inuectiues:
But if thou knewst how slenderly I weigh them,
Thou wouldst not make such labor to display them.
All that my *Lyntia* in thy vaine discernes,
Is Roguish Language, such as Newgate learns.
I thinke thou hast beene tutor'd in the Stewes;
For thine's the perfect speech they onely vse:
Base Roguish Wishes, Cursing, and Reuiling,
Tempestuous Raylings, and good Names defiling.
Yet maugre Mallice *John*, I pitie thee
For all the paines thou hast bestow'd on me;
And were my Purse but of abilitie,
Ide recompence thy labours horrible:
But since my meanes vnable is to right thee,
Marke how my Penne in kindnes shal requite thee.
I will bestow a sheet or two of Paper,
And sit the burning of a Tallow Taper,
To tell thee thou art monstrous insolent:
Although thy Verse is lame and impotent;
And at the highest, thou art but partaker
With Libell-spreaders, or some Ballade-maker.
But doe not thinke thou dealst with *Coriate*,
Whose bosome thou didst bolt a Storie at;

Fennors Defence :

Nor looke not for such Batterie at my Walls,
As 'gainst the Knight o'the Sunne, or *Archibales*;
Expect not Captaine *Ottooles* vnderstanding:
No, no; against a Bulwarke thou art banding
Of better temper, and a Nobler spirit,
Then euer thy base bosome could inherite.
'Gainst *Cynthia*, like a Wolf, th'oult bark & howle,
Wherby thou shewst thy iudgemēt dark & fowle.
Thou grieu'st, my Muse with her reflecting rayes,
Hath quite ecclipt a famous Scullers prayse:
Thou wouldst haue Poesie in none to flourish,
But in thy selfe; O thou art too too currish:
Banish this selfe-conceit; false shadie dreames
Hang in thy heart, and driue thee to extreames.
But why doe I presume to counsell thee,
That ha'st good Counsell, as thou hatest me?
Wherefore I leaue thy brasen Impudence,
To answere thy Reuenge with my Defence.

Defence.

HOW Rascall-like thou dealst with me at first;
Thou shewst frō what Antiquitie th'art nurst:
How darst thou of thy Satyre-Musicke boast,
That now stands bound vnto the whipping Post?
But I will spare thee, thou intemperate Asse,
Vntill in Bride-well thou shalt currant passe.
Thou sayst, I had better with the Deuill deale;
By which thou do'st thy wickednesse reueale:

But

Or, I am your first Man.

But I haue naught to doe with him or thee;
If thou be his companion, God blesse me.
To crouch, or whyne, thou giu'st me no occasion;
But I must laugh at thy absurd perswasion: (gall,
Thou art that Lernean Snake, squeeze thine owne
But 'tis too bad to make thee Inke withall.
Th'ast gone so long to Styx for mingled Inke,
That all thy verses in mens nostrils stinke.
For Pens, the Scrich-Owle's fethers are too tough;
A Gooses Wing for thee is good ynough.
Thou hast embas'd me, Basest slaue of Men;
That name I freely send thee backe agen,
Vntill the World hath better eyes to see
Which is the basest lacke, my selfe, or thee.
Thou call'st me Rogue so artificiall,
That I must iudge thee for one naturall:
The Iniurie proceeded from thy tounge,
And yet y^e wouldst make me thy cleake for wrong.
But do'st thou thinke the matter is no more,
But hang my selfe; thy counsell I abhore:
And take thou heed of this enchanted Spell,
John Taylor ended like Achitophel.
What foolish Ass, like thee, would take in hand
To play a Play, that couldst not vnderstand
What thine owne follie is, thou art so blinde;
Onely to basenesse thou art well inclin'de.
Do'st thinke I had no businesse, but to wait
On thy detested Fopperies Conceit:

Yet

Fenners Defence :

Yet I protest, hadst thou but sent the Bill
For me to answer, Ide haue shew'd my skill:
Which would haue beene so much to thy disgrace,
That thou againe durst nere haue shew'd thy face.
Canst thou imagine, that I went away
For feare of thee, or thy contemned Play:
Know foole, when on the Stage I purchas'd worth,
I scorn'd to send for thee to helpe me forth.
And put the case that I should challenge thee,
Thy rayling Spirit could not answer mee:
For thou art nothing without three months studie;
Ide beat my braines out, if they were so muddie.
Fiue shillings I confesse I had of thee;
Which I protest my seruant had from me
For to repay thee: but since he did fayle,
Thou mightst haue sent to me; not write, and rayle
On him, that holds his honestie more deare
Then all the Thames Reuenewes in a yeare.
But here thou driu'st me to a short demurre,
To know why thou shouldst call a Christian, Curres
Oh, I haue found it; to my grieve I see,
That Curres and Christians are alike to thee.
But was thy credit by my treason slaine;
Faith I know none thou hadst to lose or staine.
I wonder much at thy simplicitie,
That thou shouldst chalenge me for sharking thee
When of my troth I had rather giue thee gifts,
Then see thee driuen to such paltrie Gifts.

Tho

Or, I am your first Man.

Thou and thy Squire oft haue ferried mee,
More oft then I and mine haue rim'd to thee,
If euer I haue sung to nastie Whores,
Thou or some Pander, like thee, kept the dores:
For I am sure, that for as little meanes,
As two pence, thou wilt carry knaues & queanes.
I know not what thou meanst by Daxie Dell,
It seemes with them thou art acquainted well.
For scrappes & broken beere it is so rare
For mee to time, that thou shalt haue my share:
For though much wealth I want to maintaine mee
I'll neuer trouble Whores, nor Rogues, nor Thee.
Allo! I am squint-eye'd, yet with those eyes
I can thy Baboones trickes anatomize.
But pre thee, which of all the Deuils cram'd
That word of judgement in the thou art dam'd?
I'd rather wish thee talke of thy saluation,
Lest hate should hurrie thee into damnation.
Hadst thou begun with Brothell thou transcend'd
Vnto a Tauerne, thou thy state hadst mend'd:
But thou dost all thou canst to cut my throat
And cheat mee of the Tinker and his groat:
Thou hast so many voyages to hell,
That Nemesis will like thy visage well;
And for to make hels number one the fuller,
Charon will take thee for his vnder Sculler:
And fro those tossing torments re^h torment thee.
I'll find a shelter, though it discontent thee.

Why

Fennors Defence:

Why dost thou blame my tongue, 'cause it proclaimes
Myself a servant to my Soueraigne James
I would all hearts & tongues wth mine w^{ld} sing
Their loyall duty to my Lord the King.
His Royall fauor makes thy enuy swell,
As by thy words all may discerne it well.
Thy base comparison I hate and curse,
Pray heauen thy service to him prone neuer.
For then my Rime shall tell thee this in Reason
Shalt ner be hang'd for felony nor treason.
Now for the rest, thou poore Beare garden spore
I come to tell thee how I live in Court:
Yet for to certifie thee, thou shalt know it,
It hath pleas'd the King to call mee his Ryming Poet
Although too farre unworthy, I confesse,
To merit it, the Title I possesse:
Yet without boasting, let me boldly say,
I'll ryme with any man that breaths this day
Vpon a subject in extempore,
Or else be blotted from all memorie,
For any wager dare ingaged be.
Then thinke what cause I had to run from thee
Except it were, because I would not heare,
How thou absurdly didst abuse each eare.
But thou dost task me with my sawcinesse,
That I my selfe a Poet dare professe:
Wouldst thou haue me rob Nature of her gifts
Why that were baser then thy basest shifts:

Yet

Or, I am your first Man.

Yet my esteeme of course extempory,
Is but as seruile to sweet Poesie.
Why wouldst thou trouble *Homer* from his rest,
To view the slanders belcht from thy base brest.
Were *Ouid* liuing, hee would discommend thee,
Horace in steed of wine would water send thee:
And famous *Virgill*, in his lofty stile,
At this thy rayling humor would but smile.
Last, all that haue deseru'd a Lawrell wreath,
Vnto thy Muse a paire of sculls bequeath.
Alas pore Spong, thou suckst vp naught but spight
And dost me open wrong thy faults to right:
What Coxcombe foole would proffer such abuses
As thou hast done to Poets and the Muses?
But deare *Talia* in her timing fit
Sung, *Thou wilt die a foole, for want of wit.*
Thou saist thy iudgement can compose a verse;
What my opinion's of thee Ile rehearse,
Thou art no better then a Poets Whelp,
That fauning vp and downe seekes after helpe:
I could be like thy selfe, vnmanly,
But that I scorne thy stile should tutor me.
No, burne thy selfe out, like a Candle-snuffe,
Tis vaine to make thee worse, th'art bad enuffe.
Thou taxest me, that I abroad do vaunt,
What Lords & Knights to me their fauors graunt;
It also seemes that thou from me would'st know,
What Countesses and Ladies countenance shew.

Fennors Defence :

Ile tell thee plainely; such do entertaine me,
That for thy rayling basenesse will disdain thee.
Had they thy hungry chapps once foddered,
Thou wouldest not tittle them embrodered.
But, Syrra, though you meddle with your mate
Thou shouldst learn maners to forbear the state
And not to descant vppon Court and King,
Twere fitter thou shouldst of a Sculler sing.
Presumptuous foole, how dar'st thou be so bold
To speake of Kings whom men with feare behold
You say, you know his royall Maiesty
Will not allow his Court to harbour me:
Nay more; your Scullership doth know right well
That I no longer in his house shal dwell. (treasure)
Is then his wisdom think'st thou such means
That Water-men must know his royall pleasure
Yet I confesse so farre his will they know
When he directs them whether they shall goe.
It may bee thou wast put in office lately,
Which makes thee rogue me so, & rayle so state
But when thy head peepes through the pillory
I doubt these termes thy eares must iustifie.
For thy bace words are of such hard digestion,
They'l cause som stomack call thy name in question
Thou hopst to see me whipt; stand fast blind Hol
For feare thou stumble into th' Porters Lodge:
Raue, rayle, doe what thou canst, I'le neuer cea
To serue my soueraigne maister King of peace.

Or, I am your first Man.

Watch till thy eyes fall out; Write; do thy worst;
I haue a Penne and Inkhorne is as curst,
To answere all thy Rayling, Satyrizing,
In three daies, what y^e three months art deuising:
And when thy quarter-Cockatrice sees light,
In troth it is not worchie of mans fight.
But I am sorrie that thy credit's tainted,
To make thee and thy Chaundler vnacquainted:
Will he not score no more for Egges and Cheese,
Because he saw thy Hope vpon her knees?
Rather then thou shouldst lay that fault on me,
Come where I dwell, Ile passe my word for thee:
For Reputation thou canst haue no more,
Then in a Bakers debt, or Ale-wifes score:
And if thou be deny'de both Bread and Drinke,
Thy Writing and thy Rowing's like to shrinke.
Leaue these Inuectiues, trust vnto thy Scull,
For that's the way to fill thy bellie full
Of Meat and Drinke; besides this Consolation,
Thou labor'st truly in thine owne Vocation.
Why shouldst thou stagger after Poetrie,
That is attended on by Pouertie?
I wish thee as my friend, ne're goe about it;
For, as I guesse, th'art poore ynough without it.
I see thou art so bare and desperate,
Thou wouldst turn Hangman to aduance thy state;
And hang vp me: but (Sculler) Ile ore-match you,
And stand to see a Hempen halter catch you:

Fennors Defence :

For the old prouerbe neuer failed yet,
Who spreads netts for his friends , snares his owne
But yet I wonder since thou hat'st my life , (seet,
Thou shouldst professe such kindnes to my wife,
If thy hot loue without deceipt be feruent,
My kitchen Maide shall take the for her seruant,
For all the loue that from my wife proceeds,
Is scorning of thy person and thy deeds:
Thou calst them wittols that lead quiet liues,
But none but Rascalls will abuse their wiues.
But now to the disasters of the day,
How thou miscariedst with thy Hopefull play.
Of thy mishapps no long discourse ile tell,
How thou amongst them mad'st a beastly smell.
Thoudost commend the Players for their action ,
But they were all ashamd of thy distraction ,
For them, as much as thine, my praise alowe,
For none amongst them plaide the foole but thou:
Thou wouldst haue finde a fault, yet knowst not
When in thy bosome it appeareth cleare. (where,
Thy cheefest rayling and thy strongest euasion,
Is against me, yet thou art the occasion.
Another while thou blamst the Audience,
When thou wast cause of their impatience;
The better sort said I was wise enuffe,
To keep me out of that black whirle-winde puffe,
Which almost blue the hangings from the stage,
Was ere such folly knowne in any age?

Thou

Or, I am your first Man.

Thou sayst, the Maundering Begger credit got,
For that, thou knowst I know a Poet wrot:
For all the rest, that was deuilde by thee,
Was nothing but a heape of Fopperie.
I heard, thou letst the Wine run tumbling downe
Thy rotten wind-pipe, like a drunken Clowne:
But yet thy Lion drunke could not defend thee;
For 'twas thy Ape drunke made some men cōmend
For that daies censure thou canst not escape, (thee:
Which sayes, That all thy actions playde the Ape.
But thy Tobacco was such stinking stufte,
That all the people cry'de, Enough, enough.
Thy third Act shew'd the humors of men frantick,
Wherin, most like an Asse, thou stoodst for Antick:
I saw it not whether it were good or bad;
But wise men iudge thee either foole, or mad.
Thy last Act shewes thy skill vpon the Seas
To be so rare; it did them all displease:
And in conclusion, such a Tempest rose,
That blew thee off, and made thy friends thy foes.
And woldst thou load my back with al this blame?
Nay; as thou got'st the coyne, so take the shaine:
And let me tell thee this, to calme thy Rage.
I challeng'd *Kendall* on the Fortune Stage;
And he did promise 'fore an Audience
For to oppose me; note the Accidence:
I set vp Bills, the People throng'd apace,
With full intention to disgrace, or grace:

Fennors Defence :

The House was full, the Trumpets twice had sounded,
And though he came not, I was not confounded,
But stept vpon the Stage, and told them this;
My Aduerſe would not come: not one did hiſſe;
But ſung me Theames: I then *extempore*
Did blot his name from out their memorie,
And pleaſd them all, in ſpight of one to braue me,
Witneſſe the Ringing Plaudits that they gaue me.
Was not this iuſt the caſe 'twixt me and thee?
And yet thy eyes thine owne faults cannot ſee.
Ile touch thee neerer: Hadſt thou beene away,
As I was, and my ſelfe ſupply'de the day,
I would haue row'd my Muſe incontinent,
With Mirths beſt quaint deuſe, for their content;
And in *extempore* I would haue gain'd
The fauor of them all; which thee diſdain'd.
But thou art hatcht from *Saturnes* frozen braine,
Poore drowſie groome of ſleepie *Morpheus* traine:
If there be any ſparke of Muſe in thee,
It is the tayle-gut of *Melpomenie*,
Which doth inſtruct thee in thy filthie tearmes;
There's nothing elſe in thee my Penne affirms.
Hadſt thou done well, the credit had been thine;
But doing ill, thou'd'ſt haue the ſhame be mine.
The Money pleaſd thy humor paſſing well;
But thy diſcredit made thy anger ſwell
Above the verge of Patience; and thy Sayle,
Blowne full of Enuie, burſts it ſelfe to Rayle,

Not

Or, I am your first Man.

Not publikely, but in a priuate Hole
Kindle thy Mallice at the Devils coale:
But I with water of true Honestie
Will quench thy raging heat of Villanie.
How brauely thou canst brag it out, and swagger,
And talk of stabbes (God bleffe vs) & thy dagger:
I would not see thy spightfull spit-Frog drawne,
'Twill serue thee better for an Ale-house pawne.
Thou scornst to foule thy fingers vpon men,
Because thou knowst they will shake hands agen:
But thou art excellent at these windie puffs,
And darst encounter boyes at fisticuffs;
But Sirrha, looke to your greene Wastcoat well,
For feare the boyes doe teare it off peccemell.
All the kinde fauor that I will implore,
Is, That thou wouldst not threaten me no more:
And yet, now I remember, 'tis no wrong;
For threatned folke (the Prouerbe sayes) liue long:
But with thy Penne write, & reuenge thy spleene,
Ile haue an Answer that shall cut as keene.
But now base Slanderer, I must tearme thee so;
Why medlest thou with them thou dost not know:
This long I haue but spent my Inke in ieast,
But now Ile dart my anger at thy breast:
I would I had the humor of some Scold,
That I, like thee, my venome might vnfold.
Thou neuer knewst my birth, nor my begetting,
So well as I thy Rascall Play, and Cheating:

Fennors Defence :

But whatsoere my birth or breeding bee,
Spider, I liue to tosse and torture thee,
Vse thee like Stock-fish, gill thee like a Sprat,
Duck thee i'the Towne-ditch, like a Water-Rat,
Make ligges and Ballads of thy apish Toyes,
For to be sung by thred-bare Fidlers Boyes :
Yet to doe this, I shall but proue a Babie ;
Thou hast disgrac'd thy selfe as much as may be.
Thou *Barrabas* of all humanitie,
Base slanderer of Christianitie,
Know that I am a Christian, and am borne
Better then thy best Kindred, Ile be sworne :
How thy own tongue thy breeding doth display,
By Pedlers French, and Canting, Curds & Whay ;
And Ile approue it to thy foule disgrace, (Race :
Thou art sprung from basenesse ; I, from Gentries
Which to make good, my Parents yet doe liue,
And each day at their Table food doe giue
To better men then thou ; mishapen slaue :
Thus beare thy slanders with thee to thy graue.
If I at Grauesend rim'de for foureteene pence,
For 12. pence thou hast row'de that voiage since :
Allow it were no more ; I bor't away
With better credit then thou didst thy Play.
Thy enuie is not worth the speaking of ;
The more thou raylst at me, the more I laugh :
I come to begge (as thou dost) Poets phrases
To raise my name ; let Merit sing my praises :

Or, I am your first Man.

For were they meaner then thy own desert, (part)
They were the worse where thou shouldst sing a
Thou dost but thinke there's nothing good in me;
But I am sure there is much lesse in thee.
That hate thou bear'st me, prethee beare me still,
My good with enuie all thy veines shall fill,
Vntill they swell and burst thy angrie gall:
Then if I liue, I will lament thy fall;
And on thy graue this Epitaph bestow,
For to be read for either friend or foe.

Epitaph.

Here lyes a Carcasse in this Graue,
Who while he liu'd, would rayle and raue;
Borrow his wit from others worth,
And in his owne name set it forth:
He row'de from Tyber to the Thames,
And there his tongue himselfe proclaimes
The luster of all Watermen,
To row with Scull, or write with Pen.
O, had he still kept on the Water,
And neuer come vpon Theater,
He might haue liu'de full merrily,
And not haue di'de so lowfly.
O, 'twas that foolish scurvie Play
At Hope that tooke his sence away:
Yet he to blot out all his shame,
Imputes the fault on *Fennors* name;

And

Fennors Defence :

And rayl'de at him like a mad bodie ;
Liu'de a bare Foole, di'de a base Noddie.
But if you'le know what was his name,
I willingly will shew the same :
No Land-Poet, nor Sea-Saylor,
But a poore Sculler, call'd *John Taylor* :
And had not Hate this Wonder slaine,
He would haue liu'de a Knaue in graine.
Thus *Jack* thou seest what friendship I would do,
Garnish thy Graue out with a verse or two :
But yet thou art aliue, and I surmise
Thou wilt not die till Crowes pecke out thy eyes.
Ide wish thee sayle vnto some foraine Places,
Where they haue neuer heard of thy Disgraces :
The Baramoodes Tounge thou dost professe ;
The name of Poet there thou may'st possesse :
There spread thy Pamphlets, make the vnderstand
Thou art the chiefeft Poet in that Land.
Thou sayst my Pate a mint of Lyes can forge ;
Indeede t'has wit ynough thy lyes to scourge :
For I was neither ridde South, North, nor East,
But into Warwicksheire, direct Northwest :
Nor did I thither ride, to shunne thy Play,
But 'twas my Fathers will call'd me away ;
And forch' obedience that he in me found,
He gaue me his blessing, with a hundred pound.
Then Sculler know, that was no Tinkers gift,
Nor had I need for thy poore Crowne to shift :

But

Or, I am your first Man.

But he that told thee I was gone int' Kent,
Spoke halfe as true as thou dost, lies inuent.
But see how Enuie in thy heart doth trot,
Thou grieu'st that I a poore mans Pardon got;
Is thy eye euill then, 'cause mine is good?
Or wouldst thou stop my Fountaine with thy mud?
No; spight of thee, thou Canniball to man,
I will not cease to doe what good I can:
Nor doe I looke for Siluer for my meede,
When poore men want, if I can helpe their neede:
For though thou raylst on me at the Beare garden,
Rather then see thee hangd, I'd beg thy Pardon;
Although it cost me more the suing forth
In readie money then thy Boat is worth:
So much I tender Man, though bred by Nature,
As being Image of his high Creator:
But thou that of mans Life art no esteemer,
What mercie canst thou hope frō thy Redeemer.
Say I had wrōgd thee, thou good-names betrayer,
Thou call'st for Vengeance in thy Sauiors prayer:
I will not say so, but it doth appeare,
Thou scarce dost say thy prayers once a yeare:
Thou must forgiue, if thou wouldst be forgiuen;
For if thou fear'st not Hell, nere hope for Heauen.
Thou dost accuse the King as well for Graunts
As men for Sutes: But leaue these bitter taunts,
And learne in time, blacke tayle of insolence,
To arme thy heart with Christian patience.

Thus

Fennors Defence :

Thus haue I answered all thy false Alarmes :
Now it remaines for me to blaze thy Armes ;
For thou hast falsely set vp mine in blue ;
Wherefore I meane to haue a bowt with you.
Thy Heraldrie shall not out-strip my braine,
But Ile deuise as good for thee againe :
And first ; because all Sculls thou dost excell,
A siluer Oare will for thy Crest doe well,
A paire of Armes bound in a sable Scarffe,
In a sad field, as large as Wapping Wharffe,
Out of the water shall appeare one dead,
A Halter and a crosse-barre ore his head ;
And on his Shield this Motto shall be found,
Taylor the Sculler was both hangd and drown'd.
In all this blazing thee, no hurt I meane,
But hang thee till the Tide haue washt thee cleane
And when the billowes ore thy head are flowing,
And *Eolus* 'gainst *Neptunes* brow is blowing,
And Oares & Sculls about thy crosse-barre sailing,
There is great hope thou wilt forget thy rayling.
Thus haue I answered thee in three dayes space,
And yet my Penne ranne but an ampling pace :
Thus much I mildly write, in hope 'twil med thee ;
If not, the Thames or Wapping shore wil end thee.
And last, to shew what course I would direct thee,
Vse honestie, from Tiborne to protect thee.

*Thine more then thou desirest, Will: Fennor,
his Maiesties Ryming Poet.*

To my kinde Friends *in generall.*

NOW you haue read, and vnderstand my mind,
I hope your wonted fauors I shall finde,
In spite of rayling basenesse, whose lewd tounge
Are Sathans Instruments for slanderous wrongs.
Sure I haue satisfied your expectation,
And vnde the Sculler in his owne vocation:
But if you thinke my Answer ouer-milde,
Know this; I would not haue my tongue defilde
With such vnciuile tearmes, much lesse my Pen,
Which now giues satisfaction to all men
Of Truth; I will auouch, in spite of ill,
My Answer was set vp in *Taylor's* Bill
Falsely, without my knowledge or consent:
Then was not that a cause sufficient,
To giue my purpose suddaine alteration,
When I was plai'd the knaue with in that fashion,
But though we could not then meet face to face,
I hope my Penne hath followed him apace:
If I be not deceiu'd, it hath out-strippt him,
And spite of all his rods in pisse, hath whipt him,
And made his howling hollow voice to rore;
Yet for your loues, Ile giue him one lash more.

FENNORS finall Fare-all to
TAYLOR, With his blue Bitch
and Cods bellie.

BLadder of Enuie, one word more with you;
I must hunt out your Bitch, of Azure hue:
You that at Rotterdam haue Spies to houer,
And in Cods bellies transport Slanders ouer,
And without Licence belcheth them abroad,
'Twere fit she should be searcht to see her Load:
For in her Head, her Bellie, and her Crookes,
I doubt there wil be found some dangerous Books:
For he that vndertooke this Worke for thee,
Perhaps prints Romish Doctrine for a fee;
Or Matters preiudiciall to the State;
Or things Schismaticall, to breed debate.
If it be found so; spight of your Reuenge,
You and your Bitch may in a Halter swinge,
And your Cods bellie starue for want of water:
To you all three I doe commend this Satyre,
And to my Countrey all my loue and skill,
To roote out all such instruments of ill.



